I AM THE HAPPIEST TEACHER IN THE WORLD

The Inspiring Story of Sonya Inna S.

.

BOOK CREDITS

Author: Sonya Inna S. **Story Editor:** Femmy Syahrani (TOP ’94) **Cover Illustration:** Thomas Harry Gunawan (TOP ’94) **First Reader:** d.s. Lana **Treasurer:** Christine Yenni (TOP ’94)

Drafting Team: * Awan Sastrawijaya (TOP ’94) * Benedekta Yudhiastuti (TOP ’94) * Cindy Agustia (TOP ’90) * David Iman Santosa (TOP ’94) * Dessy Komalia (TOP ’94) * Elih Budiawan (TOP ’89) * Flora Chrisantie (TOP ’94) * Henty Tanzil (TOP ’94) * Iwan Kartawidjaja (TOP ’94) * Linda Raozen (TOP ’94) * Reny Agustia (TOP ’93) * Setiawan Kartawidjaja (TOP ’98/99) * Shane Hendarto (TOP ’94) * Yulyana (TOP ’94)

Bandung, August 2022

.

DEDICATION

In memory of our beloved teacher, Mrs. Sonya Inna Soebiyanto *(May 17, 1948 - October 21, 2022)*

To continue her vision of spreading blessings in the field of education, you may give a donation of any amount you choose. All collected donations, after deducting printing and shipping costs, will be used to assist with the educational needs of Indonesian children.

Thank you for sharing.

Donation Information (As of August 2022): * **Account:** BCA Soekarno Hatta Bandung * **Account No:** 346 8337799 * **Name:** Christine Yenni / Awan Sastrawijaya * **Email:** happiestteacherintheworld@gmail.com

~ This book is not for sale ~

.

My Prayer

Good Father, the more I explore, the deeper the majesty I feel. This occasion of illness truly makes me think endlessly that You have found Your own way to show humans just how great You are.

The admiration from childhood grows larger, from simple to extraordinary, and that can only be executed if one is willing to join with another, willing to complement each other, perfect each other, and accept one another as they are.

God gives us the opportunity to feel Your closeness through others, and You will make everything into an extraordinary strength. Love that brings people closer, love that defeats egoism, love that is capable of making all humans humble. May this humility

allow us all to work together for the world You created, so that it may become a better place.

Let whatever is done be for the glory of God alone, making this world a more vibrant place to inhabit, full of warmth.

Peace on earth.

~ Sonya Inna S. ~ *August 2022*

.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. **Preface**
    - Chairman of IATOP: Paulus W. Prananta
    - Book Drafting Team: Awan Sastrawijaya
2. **Because of a Scale**
3. **Childhood**
4. **Fragments of Family Memories**
5. **Learning to Teach**
6. **Teaching and Innovating**
7. **Two Stories**
8. **Taste Exploration**
9. **Transformation**
10. **My Small Family**
11. **Illness Brings Blessings**
12. **The Happiest Teacher**
13. **Testimonials & Memories**
    - Teacher at School, Teacher at Home
    - Traces of Ibu Sonya's Heart
    - A Letter to Ibu Sonya
14. **Social Media Links**

.

PREFACE

"I Am Proud of IATOP!"

By: Paulus W. Prananta *General Chairman of IATOP (St. Aloysius Bandung Alumni Association) 2019-2022*

"I am proud of IATOP!" Those words of Bu Sonya always ring in my ears. This has always triggered my spirit as an administrator of the Alumni Association to continue giving the best for this alumni group we love.

Bu Sonya did not just speak words, but also participated in every St. Aloysius alumni activity she could attend. Whether it was club activities or more serious alumni events, she was present through the ups and downs. We, as her former students, never felt burdened in the slightest; instead, she always ignited that spirit of togetherness. Her presence was missed, her firm attitude was emulated, and her advice, which was always *to the point*, awakened our hearts.

Her affection for us alumni was demonstrated tangibly. When experiencing difficult and complicated situations, she was always willing to be present to help. I remember when she took the initiative to help resolve a misunderstanding in an alumni activity, even leading up to the 3rd IATOP congress. I was reminded of my time as a student. If we fought, the root of the problem would be sought out, and we would be asked to make peace.

Although she was aware of the illness she suffered, her spirit for life became an example for us to always fight to achieve what was implanted in the philosophy of our alma mater and alumni association; “Born for something noble, flying high to give meaning.”

Truly, all her efforts and hard work to produce the best in us can never be repaid with words. We can only feel grateful to have a teacher like her, who showed that education is not just a process of filling an empty vessel. Education is the process of lighting the fire of the mind, so that the world becomes an amazing place for us all.

Bu Sonya always said that the Lord Jesus always presented miracles for her. For us, she was the miracle itself, presented by Him for us all.

Keep smiling, Ma’am, because your smile is the beginning of love, because your smile makes life more beautiful.

.

“I Want to Share My Life Experience”

By: Awan Sastrawijaya (TOP ’94) *Book Drafting Team*

“I want to share my life experience, so that it can be useful for others.” That is what Ibu Sonya said, and it became the motivation for us to help realize the presence of this book.

In gathering material, we conducted several Zoom sessions with her. Initially, we estimated that the sessions would last thirty minutes at most each time, considering her health condition. However, unexpectedly, she could last up to two and a half hours. Praise God, her spirit was truly extraordinary.

I met Ibu Sonya when I was in the 2nd grade of St. Aloysius Junior High School, in the 1989/1990 academic year. At that time, I felt afraid of her. She looked fierce. After graduating and being separated for a long time, I met Ibu Sonya again when visiting her home in 2015 with several colleagues from TOP ’94. At that time, Ibu was experiencing health issues with her lungs. Upon arriving at Ibu’s house, she hugged us one by one. My heart warmed because I felt loved. Since then, our closeness was established.

I could see how much Ibu Sonya was involved in various activities with her former students, in joy and sorrow. In terms of grief, Ibu Sonya would try to attend the funeral home, regardless of whether the person concerned was her student or not.

The change was so visible. From being fierce in the past, she had become full of love. In this book, we can learn how God “processed” Ibu Sonya throughout her life journey.

I would like to thank: 1. Femmy, the story editor, who was willing to spare time to write amidst her busyness. 2. Thomas, for the extraordinarily good cover illustration. 3. Ci Cindy and Reny, as well as Harry, Ibu Sonya’s children. 4. Friends in the TOP ’94 Prayer Fellowship (PD) - We Care. 5. All parties who have helped in the making of this book.

Happy reading. I hope it is useful. God bless.

Pro familia, ecclesia, et patria.

.

PART 1: LIFE JOURNEY

BECAUSE OF A SCALE

A 3rd-grade elementary school girl was taking an Indonesian language test, looking for synonyms and antonyms. However, when the results were returned, it turned out that all her answers for the antonyms were wrong. The child was confused and asked her teacher, why was everything wrong? Sweet, not sweet. Diligent, not diligent. The teacher explained, the opposite of sweet is bitter, the opposite of diligent is lazy. At that moment, the child realized that the Indonesian language is difficult; it must be memorized.

That child was me. A child whose Indonesian language skills were mediocre. Yet, who would have thought that the child would later become an Indonesian language teacher and even, in her final year of teaching, successfully lead her students at SMA Trimulia to achieve the highest Indonesian language exam scores, exceeding the scores for mathematics and English.

In fact, I never aspired to be a teacher. When I was young, the professions viewed as most prestigious were doctors and pharmacists, besides engineers. However, to become a doctor or pharmacist, a long period of college was required, whereas I wanted to earn my own income immediately. So, after graduating from Junior High (SMP), I decided to continue school at SAA (*Sekolah Asisten Apoteker* - School for Assistant Pharmacists) because the schooling period was only three years, and then I could work in a pharmacy. At that time, the job of an assistant pharmacist was also viewed as quite high and the salary was quite large.

I bought the registration form, filled it out, and submitted it to the school. As it turned out, I was then asked for Rp10,000 to buy a medicinal scale. Every student had to have their own scale so that no one would fight over them when weighing medicine was needed.

At that time, I didn’t have the money, so I backed out. Yes, where was I supposed to get that money? I didn’t have the heart to ask my father because at that time he no longer had a steady job. Previously he worked for a Dutch company, but then left work when the company was transferred from the Dutch to Indonesia. With a wide network of friends, he then became a broker, offering and fetching goods. With unsteady work, the financial condition also fluctuated while he continued to struggle to support the family. The price of a scale at Rp10,000 was unaffordable at that time. If I asked him for it, I would hurt his feelings. So, I threw away the desire to attend the SAA far away.

I also didn’t want to enter Senior High School (SMA). I told myself, if I entered SMA, I shouldn’t do it halfway and had to continue until I became a doctor. Don’t let it be that I only have an ordinary job after studying hard in SMA. Yes, there was indeed a bit of arrogance.

But, what other school produced graduates who could get a job quickly and make money? Finally, I was forced to enter SGA (*Sekolah Guru Atas* - Senior Teacher School). In those days, on one hand, teachers actually had small salaries, besides also suffering heartache having to deal with other people’s children, naughty children. It

seemed like a painful job. However, indeed, on the other hand, the position of a teacher was respected. Teachers had authority. Finally, I decided, let the salary be small, as long as I don't burden my parents.

In 1964, I entered SGA St. Immaculata Bandung, which was under the same foundation as St. Angela. They prioritized giving students the opportunity to study, so they didn't ask for an entrance fee.

After graduating from SGA and teaching religion at SD St. Angela for ten years, I moved to SD St. Yusuf 1, and three years later I moved to SMP St. Aloysius. At that time, I don't know what the foundation chairman saw in me, but I was appointed to teach Indonesian, in addition to religion. Oh well. Whatever became my duty and responsibility, I did.

> *Whatever became my duty and responsibility, I did.*

Oh, how difficult! Teaching in Junior High (SMP) is different from teaching in Elementary (SD). Lessons in SMP contain a lot of theory, so I had to relearn everything. Proverbs were still classified as easy because they were standard memorization. However, learning things like phonemes, figures of speech, personification, that was half-killing me. A challenge.

However, I am a proud person. I was born as the eldest child and inherited that trait from my father who was tough and unyielding. I didn't want to just teach Indonesian. I didn't want to lose to other Indonesian teachers at Aloysius. So, I decided to go to college again, taking the D-2 Indonesian Language program at IKIP (now UPI). After finishing college in two years, I mastered the subject matter better, so I enjoyed teaching more.

However, the most annoying thing was exam time. Indonesian language exam results always lost to English. The highest Indonesian score across the school was generally only seven, occasionally eight, while English scores sometimes reached ten. Why did this always happen? And why did students love English more than Indonesian? What was wrong with the curriculum? What distinguished English from Indonesian? This difference in scores actually made me feel inferior during my time as an Indonesian teacher. It left a question mark within me.

> *Why did students love English more than Indonesian? Apparently, the language is indeed not appreciated in its own country.*

This was also what actually led me to pursue a Master's (S-2) in curriculum development, which finally answered this question. Apparently, the language is indeed not appreciated in its own country. In Australia, English scores are low, while Indonesian scores are superior. In America it's the same, English scores are low, foreign language scores are high. Children take their own language lightly, ignoring language rules, using slang.

Children in Australia learn Indonesian correctly, with correct grammar. I felt satisfied and happy, that there was nothing wrong with me as a teacher. The S-2 lectures also made me understand how to motivate students to like Indonesian because without liking and love, children will speak Indonesian carelessly.

And finally, that was indeed the most important and pleasant moment for me as an Indonesian teacher. In my final year teaching at SMA Trimulia, the national exam scores for Indonesian, which were usually at the bottom, now surpassed the scores for English and mathematics. Beyond dreams. Beyond imagination. Strange, shocking, joyful.

In my old age, when reflecting on this, I found that our surroundings are full of miracles that go unnoticed at first. God invited me to walk on a winding, twisting path. Along that journey, there were things to see, things to enjoy. Sweet, salty, bitter, I have experienced them all. From students who couldn't speak Indonesian well, to becoming a teacher capable of producing the highest national exam scores for high schoolers. If I think about it, how is it possible? Yet, it turns out that is what happened. Truly, life is full of God's secrets.

CHILDHOOD

Here is how to make *benang gelasan* (glass-coated kite string). Lightbulbs are pounded, pulverized, given wood glue, boiled, and then used to soak the thread. My cousin taught me how to make *benang gelasan* for flying kites. My parents never forbade it, never said, "You're a girl, why play with kites?" I played kites with that cousin on the roof. I also played marbles.

In fact, I was able to disassemble and assemble bicycle tires. My father taught me this. This part is opened first, then that one is opened. Screwdrivers, saws, files—I knew all the tools. Indeed, I was prepared by my father to be independent. I had to be capable of doing whatever a boy did.

> *Indeed, I was prepared by my father to be independent. I had to be capable of doing whatever a boy did.*

On the other hand, there was also a difference in my father's treatment of the boys and girls. My two younger brothers, numbers four and five, were raised with the rattan cane and shouting. My father was very fierce towards them. Apparently, Father caught it from my grandfather. In the past, when my father lived in Slawi during his childhood, there was a river behind their house. Because the air there was hot, at night my father and his siblings often soaked in the river to cool off. But, if they were caught by my grandfather, they would surely be beaten. Of course, my grandfather was worried his children would be carried away by the current in the dark river.

Conversely, my father treated me and my two younger sisters, numbers two and three, very well. Maybe it was because, among ten siblings, my father only had three sisters. Besides, women in the old days were gentle, kind, patient, and obedient. So, my father never treated us three sisters roughly, fiercely, or with the rattan. That's also why I always sought him out if I needed a parent's signature when my exam grades were bad. He never grumbled. Even when seeing low exam scores, he immediately signed, never asking why this, why that. My father didn't want to be bothered with his daughters, accepting us just as we were.

On the other hand, my mother was fierce to all her children. Oh my, if she was angry, she screamed, followed by the rattan. I still remember clearly, one day she wanted to comb her hair and the comb wasn't there. Nowadays combs are cheap, but back then it was a valuable item. We three daughters were told to look for it (the boys were still small), but the comb couldn't be found. We all said, it's not there. My mother was furious, and she had a whip. My mother was small in stature, but if she was angry, she was terrifying because she used a whip or rattan as a weapon.

The understanding of the old days was indeed like that, using corporal punishment. Like for instance, one day, when I was in the 1st grade of Junior High. In that Christian school, every morning there was a devotion or joint prayer, done by combining several classes. That morning devotion was led by Ibu Dora, a person from across the sea, from Sulawesi. While praying, a group of students giggled because a child was acting

up. That made Ibu Dora furious. Without asking anymore, all the children were told to come forward, then whipped one by one. *Snap-snap.* My two calves turned blue, as did the other children. When I got home, my mother saw it and asked, why is it blue? Caned. Why caned? Laughing during prayer. My mother accepted that and didn't make an issue of it to the teacher. According to her, because I was indeed wrong, I had to take responsibility.

We three sisters were regulated in everything by my mother. Sitting had to be with knees together, not allowed to "manspread." Laughing couldn't be loud, at most just a smile. Eating couldn't make noise, mouth had to be closed. That was my mother's upbringing for her daughters.

However, Mother also taught me to sew. She was an expert at making clothes. Usually, she connected the pieces of the dress, while I attached the buttons and hemmed the skirt. This sewing work helped me to live independently since childhood.

Since the 1st grade of Junior High, from the proceeds of sewing work, I was already able to buy my own clothes, buy my own shoes, pay my own school fees, buy books, buy supplies, everything myself. Initially, I wanted to go to school at SAA, but at that time I didn't have enough money to buy the medicinal scale. Rather than asking Father for money, I chose to change my desire from schooling at SAA to schooling at SGA.

While attending SGA, in the mornings I cycled to school, then studied until about 1:00 PM. After school, I didn't go straight home, but went to the homes of tutoring students. Because Chinese schools were closed back then, their students entered Indonesian schools, but their Indonesian language skills were poor. Other subjects they had previously learned in Chinese, so I taught them all subjects, including arithmetic. In one day I could visit two houses—from 2:00 PM to 3:00 PM, then 3:30 PM to 5:30 PM. After returning home, I ate, did homework, then attached buttons and hemmed. Even after becoming a teacher with a fixed salary, I still did sewing work. The salary was saved, while the wages for attaching buttons could be used as pocket money. Now I surprise myself, how did I have that much energy back then? Where did it come from?

For all these activities, I never set a tariff. I didn't care too much about money or salary, so I never negotiated about rates, be it sewing wages, tutoring fees, or even teacher's salary. It depended on the benevolence of the person giving me the job. For me, work was not related to money. Indeed, there is an impression of arrogance, but I was educated that way since childhood. Prioritize the work first, the results will follow because sustenance (fortune) won't go anywhere.

Thus, because my parents educated me like that, I became a person who was hard and disciplined, unyielding and refusing to beg.

> *"Prioritize the work first, the results will follow because sustenance won't go anywhere."*

FRAGMENTS OF FAMILY MEMORIES

Father's Attention

My father was a very attentive person, which he showed in various ways.

Before embracing Catholicism, my father went to the Chinese temple (*kelenteng*). I didn't care too much about religion, so even though I was already Catholic at that time, I didn't make an issue if he went to the temple. Events at the temple often lasted until late at night. I never witnessed it, but I heard that he sometimes joined in walking on coals,

which meant his prayer was strong. After the ceremony, my father arrived home around 11:00 PM. He brought yellow rice (*nasi kuning*) for his children, because there were people selling yellow rice at night. If eaten the next day, of course, it wouldn't be tasty because it would be cold, so his children were woken up. "Come on, let's eat!"

Father's attention to his sick child was extraordinary. He was the most worried and busiest regarding medicine.

When I already had two children and taught at St. Aloysius, my house and my father's house were close. My house was number 8, while Father's house was number 21. My father knew what time I left the house, so every morning he waved from his house, watching me leave with two children. One day, I don't know how it happened, my motorcycle rolled backward and went into a ditch. My father ran from his house to help me lift the motorcycle. That was very memorable for me.

My father also had a high social nature. He had very many acquaintances. He was also clever at making arrack medicine using certain grasses. This arrack medicine could reduce swelling and stop bleeding. If there was a wound, just put it into the bottle containing that arrack, then the blood would stop flowing. After the arrack was ready, he put it into small bottles. Every morning my father came to the house of his first grandson, his pride and joy because he would continue the In clan name, to take him to school. He brought that arrack medicine to distribute to the parents of other students. He ensured everyone got a share.

Two Gentle Grandmothers

My two grandmothers were two gentle women. They were patient and never got angry. One time, I behaved very naughtily, to the point that my father was overwhelmed and didn't know what to do. I was taken to see my grandmother—his mother. My father only asked, "Come on, you confess, what did you do earlier?" I fell silent. Grandmother asked, "What is the matter?" Just being asked like that, I cried because the question was so gentle. From that, I knew that Grandma was very kind and patient. The same with Grandmother from my Mother's side. She never shouted, even though for years I lived with her in Babatan. My grandfather was very fierce, but my grandmother still faced him with patience. Those are sweet memories of my two grandmothers.

Five Siblings

My relationship with my siblings was initially very stiff. The nature of us girls was different. I went to school with Lusi, the second sister, walking on foot. We were allowed to take a rickshaw (*becak*), but the money in our pockets would be used up for the fare. If we walked, the money could be used for snacks. Throughout elementary school, every day we went together, returned together, but there was never any intimate conversation. My third sibling, Yos, went to a different school. So, we lived our own lives. With the two younger brothers, numbers three and four, clearly I didn't understand their affairs. I only knew that if they fought, the atmosphere would get louder with shouting from Father or Mother. In childhood, our sibling relationships felt distant.

Funnily enough, after marrying and having children, we celebrated Christmas or New Year together. Lusi, who was classified as the most well-off, already had a car. So, we three married couples entrusted the children to my mother, then had fun celebrating New Year's Eve. Moreover, after the children started to understand about Christmas parties, we always gathered on Christmas day. There was no agreement, but we realized that in a year we only gathered a few times. If not nurtured, these children would not have closeness and involvement as cousins. At Christmas, we never ate

strange things. We ate using a *nyiru* (winnowing tray), something that until now feels very memorable and is always a longing for the entire extended family. Usually, we prepared six *nyiru*, each for 4-5 people. The rice was in the middle, surrounded by chili paste (*sambal*), raw vegetables (*lalapan*), and *jengkol* (dogfruit). Our children felt they had one binding memory.

In 2020 we didn't gather because of the pandemic. In 2021, finally, we dared to gather, especially because we were getting older. Our mother was 94 years old, couldn't go anywhere, only waiting for chats and photos on WhatsApp. We all wore masks. Praise God, everyone was happy and everyone was healthy. Delightful, because before it's too late, we still realized the importance of brotherhood and the involvement of every family member with the others.

LEARNING TO TEACH

Becoming a teacher. I indeed chose it because I was forced to, not because I wanted it. However, it doesn't mean this choice could be lived half-heartedly, with the thought "Ah, I don't want to be a teacher anyway." It can't be like that. Maybe this is different from the tendency of people nowadays who easily leave things they don't like because their principle is, "This life is my life, so I live it as I please." For me, who may be called an old-school person, a thing that has been chosen becomes a responsibility. So, subsequently, I had to be responsible for being a teacher. This was decided, so it had to be lived. Commitment.

> *For me, who may be called an old-school person, a thing that has been chosen becomes a responsibility. So, subsequently, I had to be responsible for being a teacher. This was decided, so it had to be lived. Commitment.*

Immaculata Senior Teacher School (SGA)

I entered teacher school in 1964. At that time there was SGA (*Sekolah Guru Atas*), which produced elementary school teachers, and SGB (*Sekolah Guru Bawah*), which produced kindergarten teachers. I entered SGA Immaculata, which was under the same foundation as St. Angela school. Inside the complex, there were several schools with their respective vest colors — SMP with yellow vests, SMA red vests, SGA green vests, SKP (*Sekolah Kepandaian Putri* - School for Home Economics) orange vests. SKP trained sewing or cooking skills for children who did not have academic abilities.

At SGA we were heavily prepared to become teachers, including in terms of attitude, because we had to be good role models for students. How we sat was observed, how we spoke was watched. Standing had to be upright. Sitting had to be on a chair, never on a table. Clothing was also regulated, there could be no skirts above the knee, all had to be below the knee. Walking had to be erect and steady, not dragged. The discipline during those three years of education seeped into us, forming the authority of a teacher. That was the result of education at SGA.

For elementary school teachers, there was no subject specialization, so we also had to study everything, including geometry and algebra, which were heavy for me. Yes, from the beginning I indeed didn't have a picture of what would be learned, so I just went with the flow, undergoing everything.

However, strange but true, there was one subject I liked very much, namely child development psychology. I myself also didn't suspect that this subject existed. Teachers are required to master this science so that in their profession as a teacher, they are able to understand the condition of their students. For me, this lesson was very interesting. I

have a habit, which is when seeing or reading something, I want to see what the reality is like, comparing theory with reality. Isn't that the essence of psychology? And, unexpectedly, I got a perfect score in the state exam. Ten. I indeed loved that lesson, a favorite subject. Even so, getting a score of ten on the diploma was unexpected and made me very jealous.

Indonesian Catholic Academy

After finishing SGA in three years, an opportunity opened up to obtain a scholarship from St. Angela for people who wanted to become religion teachers. I submitted an application and took the train alone to Yogyakarta to take the scholarship exam at the end of Malioboro Street, near the Fort. That was the first time I went out of Bandung. After I succeeded in obtaining the scholarship, I went to college at the Indonesian Catholic Academy in Jakarta.

This desire to become a religion teacher originated from a thought that actually had appeared during Junior High, which at that time I didn't dare to express. During SPG (Teacher School), this thought reappeared. I don't know if this was a critical or nagging thought, but I was extraordinarily curious about the Book of Genesis. There was something not right. On one hand, the book commanded humans to be fruitful and multiply, but on the other hand, monks and nuns did not marry and did not have children. How could those two poles face each other? I felt that as long as the role of religion teacher was held by a priest or nun, there would never be a student who dared to ask about that. No one would ask honestly, why do priests or nuns not marry? Have nuns ever fallen in love? Are priests still attracted to the opposite sex? Questions like these would certainly be considered impudent. That is what finally caused me to decide to become a religion teacher. If students see their teacher not wearing a habit/robe, they will dare to ask.

In total there were 21 students in my batch. Fifteen of them were nuns in habits, all from St. Ursula. Three people were parish employees, who were used to gathering at the church, so they were smarter than me. Two people were former nuns.

One more person who was the dumbest, purely layperson, was me. There were many terms I didn't know. Fortunately, the lecturers, meaning the priests, could understand me and viewed me as a child who was still clean and innocent, never having plunged into the church world. So, if I looked blank, listening without understanding, they caught that and explained it again. Including a German-born lecturer, Father A. Heuken SJ, who always encouraged me with the words "Come on, come on, come on!" He spoke loudly, but it seemed he noticed that this one layperson was a pawn who was still clean, had to be truly advanced.

IKIP D-2 Program

As already told in the previous writing, I attended college at IKIP. However, this was briefly opposed by the school.

At that time I went to college with Mrs. Sally who was a geography teacher and Mrs. Sekar who was a math teacher. The three of us were originally elementary school teachers with SGA education, possessing no knowledge or capital worthy of pride, like "underdogs" when compared to some other teachers who were already bachelor's degree holders. We wanted to raise the dignity of the school; don't let words be heard that St. Aloysius teachers only had high school level education degrees. So, we agreed to join the D-2 program, taking majors corresponding to the subjects we each held.

Coincidentally, I was in charge of arranging the teacher's schedule, so I could arrange it in such a way that teaching activities and college could run side by side.

After registering, we reported to Father van Iperen. It turned out Father was angry and asked, who gave us permission to go to college? We three looked at each other in astonishment, why was Father angry and scolding, instead of praising? We answered, our goal in college was to raise the school's name. Don't let people sneer that SMP St. Aloysius teachers are only SPG graduates. I myself thought, if I had stayed teaching at SD (Elementary), an SPG degree was still enough, so I wouldn't have gone to college. However, because I was moved to SMP (Junior High), of course, a teacher with a D-2 diploma was more appropriate and fitting to teach in SMP.

Father insisted that the school had never given permission. Indeed, we never asked for permission because we felt we weren't harming the school. For something concerning goodness, is it necessary to get permission first? We kept teaching according to the schedule, were never late, paid for our own tuition, deliberately left home earlier so as not to be late for college, and returned from college quickly too so we could enter the class to teach on time. Fortunately, we weren't told to stop college. Maybe Father also realized that we didn't bring any loss.

S-1 Program

In 1968 I briefly studied for an S-1 (Bachelor's) in Jakarta, but only lasted two semesters. After I left SMP St. Aloysius in 1996, I decided to go to college again rather than be unemployed. College this time felt more relaxed and calm. The burden when studying for D-2 before was heavier because after college, I had to teach in the afternoon. During S-1 college, I could manage myself and enjoy everything on my own.

However, during this college period, I was hit by cancer. My hair fell out when I had to do KKN (Community Service Program). As a result, I had to wear a headscarf to cover my bald head, to the point of being called Ibu Haji. Thankfully, in such conditions, college went smoothly.

S-2 Program in Curriculum Development

As previously told, the S-2 (Master's) studies successfully answered the question that had stuck about Indonesian language teaching, and finally produced one of the most important and pleasant moments for me as an Indonesian language teacher.

2017 was my last year teaching at SMA Trimulia, in a state of quite severe illness because I couldn't speak. Trimulia kids were quite naughty, so if I taught normally, they all sat back, away from me. On the first day of the second semester of 2017, I entered the class and they knew that I had lost my voice. (I was lent a small loudspeaker by the school to amplify the sound.) I asked the children to choose: I continue teaching in such a condition, or they could ask the principal for a replacement Indonesian teacher. The next day I entered that class again and I was also shocked. Lo and behold, the children had come to their senses apparently. Now they sat very close to the whiteboard. Oh well, it meant they still wanted me to teach.

At graduation, in front of the teachers, in front of the parents, and also in front of the graduates, the foundation chairman said, "I don't understand. Usually English is superior, but why does Indonesian now occupy the top rank of the fields of study tested—Indonesian, English, mathematics, and physics." I was shocked. Indonesian language scores occupied the first rank in the national exam, beyond my own expectations.

TEACHING AND INNOVATING

1) St. Angela

After college at the Indonesian Catholic Academy, I taught at SD St. Angela as a religion teacher for ten years, starting in 1969. I delivered religious lessons in the form of stories, with storytelling techniques taught during school and college. Lessons in the form of theory alone would be harder to understand. Before I started teaching, the children were quiet and sat nicely, waiting. They understood that I needed a silent atmosphere to smooth the flow of the story. I told them, “If you are noisy, the story in my head disperses.” They remembered that. If anyone whispered among them, they themselves would shush (*ssst-ssst*) each other. In the middle of my storytelling, at a happy part, they could clap as a class. at a sad part, they would all cry.

I could teach religion in up to twelve classes because there were class A and class B for every level. Because the lesson material was different for each level, teaching preparation was exhausting, but also fun for me because the material varied. It was like a person processing food—busy in the kitchen, but what is served are various types of dishes with special flavors.

2) SD St. Yusuf

In 1978 I moved to teach at SD St. Yusuf, which at that time was preparing the transition from an all-boys school to a mixed school, including preparing the teachers. I was offered the job by Peter Kho, who had baptized my husband.

At SD St. Yusuf, I was assigned to teach Indonesian for grade four because at that level students already received several subjects. I was confused as to why I got that task, even though my Indonesian was also not too good. But, oh well, I just accepted the assignment.

After I taught at St. Yusuf, I saw a huge difference between boys and girls. It turned out girls were naughtier. When I was at St. Angela, girls didn’t look like they were angry, appearing calm. But, suddenly their actions were terrible, for example deflating bicycle tires, without much talk. When at St. Yusuf, every day there was a child crying or fighting in my class. Oh my, why do boys cry so often, seeming like crybabies. That was actually a result of them not being able to vent their emotions, not allowed to fight because there were sanctions.

I saw that school activities did not offer variety, there were no fun moments. Fortunately, I could chat and negotiate with Mrs. Sekar, the principal at that time. I proposed, how about once a year the students go on a field trip to a place that is near and doesn’t require cost. The important thing is, for that one day children can relax and feel joy, not constantly in the classroom. This event can also teach children to have a sense of responsibility and not be treated like small children. This meant parents were not allowed to come along to accompany.

> *The important thing is, for that one day children can relax and feel joy, not constantly in the classroom. This event can also teach children to have a sense of responsibility and not be treated like small children.*

The event only lasted half a day, children went straight home afterward. Coincidentally there was a fourth-grade student whose father worked at PINDAD, so we could borrow the company bus. We went for a walk to Pangalengan. This was just a trial because at that time people weren’t used to school events like that. No other school held field trips.

3) SMP St. Aloysius

In SMP (Junior High) I was also assigned to teach Indonesian and religion. I had taught religion for ten years at St. Angela, then at St. Yusuf, so people already trusted that I was capable of delivering and teaching religion.

At the time I started teaching in SMP, the lesson schedule was confusing. School entry times were not uniform, some at 7:00, some at 8:00. I then spoke with Mr. Sutardi because as far as I knew, school entry and dismissal times should be uniform. I asked for the authority to fix the schedule. Finally, after I handled it, the entry time became uniform at 6:40 and dismissal at 11:40. At first, many teachers grumbled because they had to enter a class multiple times. I asked them to be patient. Over time the schedule ran well.

I also discussed with Mr. Sutardi and Mrs. Aimee about Joy Night (*Malam Gembira*). At that time the SMP and SMA Joy Night event was in Cibubung. Of course, SMP kids were less interesting because they were still kids, small fry. I proposed, supported by SMP teachers, that every class be required to perform as they were. Initially, there was no selection, so that no class would be left behind. The point was, for the sake of togetherness. However, over time, their self-confidence grew.

I also spoke with the principal (Mr. Prihadi, then Mr. Sutardi) about field trips. I proposed holding a simple trip at every level. We discussed and asked questions. What did we want to obtain from this field trip? I answered, during the trip, we could see the true nature of the children—which ones were social, which ones were stingy. And that was proven. Since then, the field trip became a routine annual event with different destinations for each class.

In 1996 I resigned from St. Aloysius.

4) TK Melania & SMA Trimulia

After I finished my S-2 (Master's), I was asked to be the principal at TK (Kindergarten) Melania. This was a miracle. I was sometimes amazed at my own life path. How come after S-2, instead of becoming a High School principal, I became a Kindergarten principal? However, I didn't make an issue of TK, SD, or SMP. All were stages that had to be passed.

Educating Kindergarten children is interesting because we can see various personalities. There are quiet ones, there are lively ones.

At Trimulia, I experienced one of the most important and pleasant moments for me as an Indonesian teacher. Children need to be hugged and loved when we teach. Friendliness, humility, polite and affectionate words turned out to be able to change everything. In fact, children also understand and can accept what is done by a teacher.

TWO STORIES

I realized my ability to tell tales and stories. There are two stories that I consider good for preparing students in case they hold high positions, in whatever field that may be.

First Story: A Lantern for Others

A tourist visited a city that was completely foreign to him. He walked around without taking a taxi or bus, so he could truly enjoy the beauty of the city and its nature. He was so engrossed that without realizing it, the day began to get dark. As a tourist, he didn't

know the way. Earlier he didn't remember walking from where to which direction, only looking left and right to enjoy the view. Now he lost his direction.

Upon seeing someone, he approached him, then asked, "Sir, can you show the way to Hotel A?" However, he was shocked himself after asking because it turned out that person was blind. He asked the wrong person. Fortunately, this blind man was a local resident, so he knew exactly the way to that hotel. Before stepping, he took a lantern. The tourist was confused. What for does a blind man carry a lantern?

Go straight, turn left, go straight, turn right, until finally arriving at the hotel. When they arrived, the tourist couldn't hold back his curiosity. He asked, "Sir, you can't see, right? What for do you carry a lantern?"

The man answered, "Indeed, this lantern is not beneficial for me because even without a lantern, I know the direction anywhere. I lit this lantern for you. Without being helped by this lantern, you could stumble, right?"

> *We live not just for ourselves. The attitude of prioritizing oneself must be changed. We live for others, for the people around us.*

Second Story: The Boss in the Freezer Room

There was a boss who owned a meat company with a very large area, with many rooms for freezing meat. Every morning getting out of his car, he always greeted whoever he met. "Good morning. How are you?" No person was skipped by him to be greeted warmly while smiling. His attitude made him stick in the hearts of the employees.

One day, the security guard on the afternoon shift noticed that the boss hadn't come out yet. He waited, it was already this late in the afternoon, how come the boss hadn't appeared yet. Finally, the security guard went into the freezer building and checked the rooms there one by one. He felt it was strange because he saw a room that seemed to be still lit, whereas usually, it was already dark. He held the key to that room and opened it. It turned out the boss was inside. He was locked in and couldn't get out. The boss was helped and saved.

The big question is, why could he be saved? Because what he sowed, that is what he reaped. Suppose that boss only walked upright with dashing gallantry, looking forward, not looking left or right, let alone greeting, then he would not have been saved. No one would have known that he was trapped in the freezer room.

> *Because what is sown, that is what is reaped.*

TASTE EXPLORATION

I once went on vacation to America with my aunt's family. Although there was a debate about food choices between my cousin and their grandmother, that event changed my way of thinking about food. I thought, if a food isn't tasty, why is it sold? Why would someone make it? All food should be tasty. So, since then, I started trying any food. There is no food that is not tasty, there is only food that doesn't suit the tongue. Praise God, now I like any food.

Likewise in the Netherlands. Every time I went there, I liked to walk to the market. There they sold herring. The size was a handspan, the color was translucent, and it was eaten raw. I always shuddered, "Ew, eating raw fish." But, shouldn't I dare to try it? If this fish isn't tasty, why is it sold? I tried one. Oh my, it turned out that herring was delicious.

I only went into the kitchen after getting married; called the lady of the house. But, well, the lady of the house was still ignorant, didn't know kitchen spices. It feels silly when remembering that time. Just making soup, I couldn't do it. I learned a lot about cooking from my mother-in-law. Her children were both boys, so she was happy to have a daughter-in-law because she could pass down her knowledge. She was a very tidy person—with a wet cloth in hand, everything was clean.

My family's and my husband's family's favorite happened to be the same, goat meat. Goat satay is okay, especially gulai (curry). I learned from Father, starting from choosing the meat, cleaning the meat, also the intestines and innards. I learned to make strange dishes, specialties from Father, for example, goat satay. From Mother, I learned to make common dishes like *sayur asem* (tamarind soup) or *sayur lodeh* (vegetable coconut milk soup).

Food is sustenance, so whatever is granted by God must be appreciated. That is our principle.

> *Food is sustenance, so whatever is granted by God must be appreciated. That is our principle.*

There is one thing that is also important. Salt. In the holy book, it is mentioned, be the salt of the earth. I found that we indeed should be humans who are capable of bringing out someone's "good taste." Often we see someone from one side only. Whereas, every person actually has positive things within them. There is something hidden that indeed must be recognized and brought out slowly. Like salt, humans should bring out the good qualities of others.

TRANSFORMATION

In the past, if the blackboard wasn't clean yet, I often gave orders to students, "Blackboard, erase!" However, later on, in the same situation, I would ask for help from a student, then say, "Thank you, so I can write again."

In the past, I was indeed still ignorant, regarding students like chopping boards, disregarded. I adhered to dead discipline, a heritage from the Dutch people. Inflexible (*Saklek*). I was indeed famous as a fierce teacher. Maybe all students have received a reprimand from me. In the past. That was before I realized and improved myself.

I then attended two extraordinary retreats that changed me, namely *Marriage Encounter* in 1980 and *Weekend CHOICE* in 1984, the essence of which is continuous self-processing.

The *Marriage Encounter* retreat is aimed at married couples, inviting participants to see, try to realize, and practice that husband and wife are not just simply living in one house, sleeping in one bed, having children together, but to complement and perfect each other.

The *Weekend CHOICE* retreat is aimed at young people, but not children who just graduated from high school. This retreat is for young adults who just graduated from college. They will be made aware again that this is not how we should live. We must help each other and fill each other.

Admitting oneself as one is, is difficult. Improving oneself is even more difficult, not like flipping the palm of a hand, because our character has been formed since childhood. Imagine, I attended both retreats in the 1980s, but only in 1990 did I succeed in saying thank you.

> *Admitting oneself as one is, is difficult. Improving oneself is even more difficult, not like flipping the palm of a hand, because our character has been formed since childhood.*

After attending the retreat, I also understood that everyone, including small children, has feelings. Since understanding the theory of feelings, I started to be careful, no longer angry with a thundering voice in class.

So, thus it was. Starting from my family background which was hard, then becoming a teacher who was also hard, finally dissolving again, increasing in hardness like cement turning to stone. However, I am grateful because there were retreats that changed me into what I am now.

MY SMALL FAMILY

Husband

I met my husband because he was invited by his friend to play at the house. Compared to his friends, he was quieter and more polite. When he spoke, even without a funny expression, people already laughed. We went out together because we liked each other.

In 1970 we married by civil registry. Although we were officially husband and wife, we didn't live in the same house and waited until the church blessing. We respected the sanctity of the Sacrament of Marriage. Only on March 21, 1971, were we blessed.

We were both eldest children. If we fought, we shouted at each other. Then, it ended with giving each other the silent treatment. However, we had an unwritten agreement, that in any situation, no matter how angry, we always slept in the same bed. Never sleeping apart.

God created humans male and female. In this difference, God wants to invite, how far they want to live together, filling each other and complementing each other. And in the end, we arrived at the conclusion that we all must be people full of love. Being a good father, a good mother, a good coworker, only then is life meaningful.

Children

A child wants to be accepted, so parents should hug their children so they feel safe and comfortable in their parents' embrace. This hug is not always in a physical sense, but can also be in the form of presence. With curiosity and involvement about their lives.

My children trusted their parents until they got married. When praying for the children, my husband and I adjusted to their desires.

ILLNESS BRINGS BLESSINGS

Sadness and joy live side by side. Until today, I feel life is like a coin that has 2 different sides. There is an image, there is writing. It's impossible to be just the image and impossible to be just the writing.

First

In December 1998 there was a surprise as a Christmas gift, something that was like an earthquake for me and my husband. The doctor stated that I had cancer.

My husband was the more stressed one. At that time we were already active in *Marriage Encounter* and *Weekend CHOICE*. According to my husband, why were we, who were already active serving in the church, given a problem like this? I said to my husband, “Enough, don’t just want the good stuff.”

> *Why were we, who were already active serving in the church, given a problem like this? I said to my husband, “Enough, don’t just want the good stuff.”*

I was referred to a cancer hospital famous in the world, the Antoni van Leeuwenhoek Hospital in Amsterdam. We left in January 1999. Matters were all fast. Biopsy in the Netherlands was very fast. The next day, the biopsy result stated true, this was classified as a malignant tumor. I was asked, did I want to be operated on partially or amputated. I said, for the best prevention, just amputate. The doctors were shocked. “You are very brave to make a decision this quickly.” I said, “This is all already in my body. Already happened. What else to do?”

I was confused myself. I was sick, but I received joy. Cancer which is scary, for me became not scary. Finished with treatment, I felt a joy greater than the pain.

Second

Year 2005, December again. Now I was a bit smarter. There was a lump in my chest.

Approaching the end of the year, my husband suffered a stroke attack. On the day of the incident, I had to take a TOEFL test because I was studying for my Master’s. Around 1:00 PM, he said he wanted to sleep. In the middle of his sleep, he woke up because of vomiting. He said he was cold, then wore layered blankets, then snored. I didn’t know that was one of the signs someone would leave. The ambulance came late, my husband had already passed away.

After my husband was cremated, I spoke again to God. “Jesus, You don’t want my husband to be angry at You again, do You? Back during the first event, he regretted all his service. But now, God, You saved him. He no longer blasphemes You.”

In January 2006, because positive for cancer, I went back to the Netherlands. There was a slight feeling of loss because during the first treatment, I went together with my husband. During this second treatment, I went accompanied by my child. I went to the same hospital. Rather than trouble, the decision was also the same, amputation again. So, I was operated on again there. If before the left breast was removed, now the right one.

Third

At the end of 2014, I started getting sick, coughing. Throughout 2015 I kept changing doctors. In 2016 my youngest child happened to have a meeting in Singapore and invited me so I could get treatment from a doctor there. There, I went to a lung doctor and was X-rayed. The results came out quickly, it was found that it was indeed positive for cancer.

After that, I was immediately advised to look for an oncology doctor. I got treatment there with a routine control schedule, including chemotherapy drugs in the form of injections every month.

In January 2022, I went to the doctor because of a cough. The doctor said, the cancer had spread. Did I want to seek treatment? I said, I don’t want treatment. I’d better just

accept this condition. My age is enough. I still want to enjoy God's grace. I still want to eat good food. I still want to drink coffee and do normal activities.

I don't want to lament my fate, but try to dig for God's goodness that is there. I found much of His goodness. Around me is full of joy. I say, what is lacking in my life? God is near me. He hugs me. He holds me close. He warms my body. So, what else do I worry about?

> *I don't want to lament my fate, but try to dig for God's goodness that is there and I found much.*

THE HAPPIEST TEACHER

Before the pandemic, I once paid respects (*melayat*) at four places in one day. Why did I do that? Too much time? No. I just wanted to learn that loving people is not only if we are invited and then come as a sign of presence. I wanted to love without discriminating.

I myself grew up seeing that all people are the same. When I was small, not yet four years old, I was often entrusted to a Sundanese husband and wife couple who sold onions and chilies. My environment was a Muslim environment because I lived at Babatan Market. I joined in "praying" every time my nanny went to the room to pray (Salat).

So, I teach without discriminating against students. Even though I teach Catholic religion, I don't distinguish the students' religions because what I teach is about goodness. I tell all students, to become whatever human, one must be good. We must remember that we are God's creation and one day must account for our behavior.

I also conveyed this message of togetherness to students living abroad. I met many students while in the Netherlands. I went there for treatment, but in sickness, there is also God's blessing, there is joy. If not sick, maybe I wouldn't have met them. Maybe God also sent me there to unite the children of St. Aloysius.

I am the luckiest teacher. If initially I was forced to become a teacher, eventually I could taste the sweetness. I am a teacher who often stays at students' houses. In the whole world, is there a teacher like me?

Maybe the title of this chapter feels a bit arrogant—or even very arrogant—but that is the reality, as it is. All things I experienced made me realize and made me have to admit, "God, I am the happiest teacher in the world." And that happiness comes from my students. I am grateful that I could teach them. I am grateful that I am a teacher.

.

PART 2: TESTIMONIALS & MEMORIES

TEACHER AT SCHOOL, TEACHER AT HOME

Ibu Sonya—the teacher known to be very disciplined at school, was also disciplined at home.

Mama also always thought "far ahead." After graduating from SMP, I got the opportunity to join a student exchange held by the Rotary Club to Australia for one year. Since before leaving, Mama always advised: "Later if someone wants to 'adopt' you as a foster child, you accept, okay. Just continue school and settle there."

Sad, isn't it, how come it seemed like I wasn't wanted as a child anymore? But, Mama then explained that she wanted me to have the opportunity to pursue knowledge and life in a foreign land.

The Mama called fierce by her students at school, I did not feel at home. Her faithfulness as a mother was very palpable. Simple things like dropping off and picking me up from English lessons and ballet lessons back in elementary school… In the afternoon and evening, instead of taking a nap after teaching, Mama almost never missed dropping off or picking me up.

I am grateful to have Mama Sonya, who was not only a teacher at school (during 2nd and 3rd grade of Junior High I was taught by her), but also a teacher at home.

Reny Agustia *(Youngest Daughter)*

.

TRACES OF IBU SONYA'S HEART

"Bu Sonya was a person who never stopped learning. Activities related to the church and religious education were everything to Bu Sonya. In facing the illness she had suffered for quite a long time, Bu Sonya was a tough person." **— Aimee Duval** (Colleague teacher at St. Aloysius Bandung)

"Ibu Sonya: A good coworker, Firm, Loud-voiced, Had attitude and principles, Optimistic and didn't complain." **— Christian Santoso** (Colleague teacher at St. Aloysius Bandung)

"I was once a student and a teaching friend of Bu Sonya. Since I was small, I admired her. The lessons she delivered became truly interesting and left a mark on my heart. *Love you, Bu Sonya…*" **— Clara Ester** (Colleague teacher at St. Aloysius Bandung)

"Bu Sonya was always cheerful and loved adventure… Bu Sonya was a firm, disciplined, and hard person. But, behind all that, her heart was actually gentle. I once confided in her, it turned out she was very attentive." **— Herjaty Linda Patricia (Patty)** (Colleague teacher at St. Aloysius Bandung)

"In the teacher's room, she was indeed someone who enlivened the atmosphere. Her humor, her playful nudges (*sentilan*) to anyone, also in chat or discussion, Bu Sonya was always able to make a tense atmosphere lighter. Besides that, young teachers also saw Bu Sonya as a *role model*…" **— Mahendra** (Colleague teacher at St. Aloysius Bandung)

"Ibu Sonya was truly an **educator** figure, not just an **instructor**." **— Palupi Sulistijati** (Colleague teacher at St. Aloysius Bandung)

"Bu Sonya was a good, friendly, and very patient person. Her soul as a teacher was very good. She liked to guide, especially young teachers. I started teaching at St. Aloysius in 1981. It was through Bu Sonya that I learned a lot to become a teacher." **— Pieter Riry** (Colleague teacher at St. Aloysius Bandung)

"*The happiest teacher in the world*… because of enjoying the job as a teacher… because of loving your students… because of being loved by former students who sincerely care for you. You taught me what it means to have faith. You inspired me… Stay strong, my friend." **— Sally Krisnadi** (Colleague teacher at St. Aloysius Bandung)

“Bu Sonya was someone firm and inspiring. I remember until now, when she gave a mandate to the children during the ceremony, the theme was about new shoes… The core of the message was: In doing tasks, we must behave like when we get new shoes. Happy, spirited, and remaining consistent.” **— Ruri Prabandari** (Teacher colleague at SD Melania Bandung)

“Bu Sonya was a teacher who was always patient and never angry. When I couldn’t stay still and often drew pictures while she taught, Ibu never got angry. Ibu always said, ‘Come on, study first okay…’ Ibu always assured Christie, that Christie could do it.” **— Christie Natali Kurniawan** (Student at SMA Trimulia)

.

A LETTER TO IBU SONYA

Ibu Sonya whom I respect and love,

Ibu Sonya, who would have thought that there are many things bringing us together? I was your student in the Catholic Religion subject at SMA Taruna Bakti. Then we met again at Weekend CHOICE, at the time my mom was sick, and until now.

When in High School, the way Ibu taught was different from other teachers. Ibu opened the class with a topic, then started by giving Ibu’s opinion to us. Honestly, it was a bit scary when asked for an opinion, but it turned out to be one of the important provisions in life.

Thank you, Ibu has given your time, willing to brave traffic jams driving the car to the airport—escorting and supporting Mama leading up to a major surgery. Thank you, because Ibu has visited Mama many times and asked for news about Mama.

Ibu Sonya, thank you because Ibu also supported me becoming a lecturer. I was happy when Ibu asked, “How are the students, Mon? How is the teaching, Mon?” Your message to me to be a teacher who humanizes her students will be a principle I hold in my journey, Bu. This is a difficult homework assignment from Ibu Sonya.

Ibu Sonya, Ibu is a teacher, mentor, and parent who is inspiring to me. Ibu is also my religion teacher who directly embodied her teachings through real actions and became my inspiration in the world of education.

Ibu, stay strong, okay. I hope Ibu can continue to be faithful in carrying out your duty in this life. My prayers and thoughts are for you.

Respectfully, **Monika Tanara** (SMA Taruna Bakti, 1999-2002)

.

SOCIAL MEDIA LINKS

Facebook: https://www.facebook.com/sonya.inna.9

YouTube:

- (IATOP) Ibu Sonya’s Journey with IATOP: https://youtu.be/g63S345OSEM
- ‘I am the Happiest Teacher in the World’ (May 17, 2017): https://youtu.be/zwPupiM_ZU
- Christmas Spirit Does Exist (TK St. Melania December 18, 2013): https://youtu.be/ZNImt5Zklas